

- >Be living in Middle Tennessee in the country
- >Have multiple dogs
- >They start barking at the same time every night
- >Assume its a recurring opossum.
- >Hear rattling from light on corner of house
- >Look out window
- >Can see guy trying to fuck with the fusebox
- >Go on high deck with baseball bat
- >Ask what the fuck he's doing
- >Guy looks at me
- >Runs off into woods giggling like an idiot

- >Be two nights after
- >Dogs start barking again
- >look out window that is directly beside my deck
- >oh shit what
- >guy trying to climb icy ass deck gate in the dark
- >Obtain Shotgun
- >Turn on deck light
- >Guy slips, falls down steps
- >Hobbles off into woods
- >Fire warning shot into air.

- >Next day
- >Take one of our dogs; a Hound Mutt
- >Start sniffing through woods
- >Come across makeshift cabin about two hours into the woods.
- >Obvious someone has been living there
- >It has no door
- >Look inside
- >Pitch dark, only rough bedding in the corner
- >Check other corner
- >oh god
- >Hundreds of various small animal carcasses, ripped open, organless
- >Hear someone walking towards the cabin
- >Dog starts whining
- >Get the fuck out of there post-haste

- >Arrive home, freaked out
- >All dogs except for the one I took hunting are dead
- >Shot with bolts, like from a hunting crossbow
- >Guy hasn't come back
- >Keep remaining dog inside
- >Terrified of my own property now.

[Later in the same thread.]

I woke up to something horrifying.

All of my doors were opened in the middle of the night.

And I mean wide open. Things were moved, but nothing was taken, and it doesn't look like he ever came to the back of the house. I woke up cold as shit because of the air coming from under the crack under my door, opened the door slightly, and found them like that.

I drove up to the dollar store at the top of the hill, and bought a fuckton of padlocks. Double, and then triple locked all of my sheds.

Took a walk around my property. Found three holes dug in various places around the yard, about two feet deep each.

I think he may indeed be looking for the dog's bodies.

I intend on scouring the woods for this fucker today. I've cleaned my shotgun, made sure everything works perfect, have a Survival Knife that my dad gave me when I was twelve, and an ax usually used for cutting wood.

My main worry is while I'm hunting for this guy, he's set up some fucking bear traps or some shit. I intend to be back well before nightfall. I've explained to my neighbors the situation, so they'll be looking for me, and taking care of my dog until I get back.

Wish me luck, /x/.